it refuses citizenship to Dr. Macintosh because he will not subordinate his conscience to the state.

The socialism of schools is another example, where we have the taxing of all who have property, whether they have children or not, for the education of the children of anyone whether he has money or not. I emphasize the wide reaches of the principle of socialism that you may see how difficult it is to make it a pigeonhole or a stamp for some particular political party.

One of the most interesting sights in the world is to see a man rolling calmly along on a state highway, worrying about the state ownership of railways!

Allan Knight Chalmers

Or take it in the matter of individualism. Here is a man who believes in what he calls his freedom to drink what and when he pleases, and who asserts that freedom both by words and deeds on many occasions. I saw this man the other day sitting meekly in his high-powered car before a little red light hung up in the street. There was nothing coming either way and no one was in sight as far as he could see, but he sat there waiting for the green to appear before he released that tremendous power at his toe and went on his own individualistic way. What a curious being is man! I went on down the street smiling to myself and thinking of a sentence of Louis Untermeyer, the poet—"Men still imagine that freedom is the refusal to obey."

That is not Jeremiah's individualism at all. Jeremiah's individualism says: "You cannot hide behind your corporation, your party, your church, your system of society, your heredity or environment." It was said in olden times, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the teeth of the children have been set on edge," but I say to you that every man is ultimately answerable for his own iniquity. "Every man that eateth sour grapes, *his* teeth shall be set on edge." (I am well aware of what modern psychology says about the causal sequence of man's behavior. There is much of it which is unquestionably true, but I am emphasizing here a certain kind of practical pragmatism rather than the technicalities of scientific psychology.)

Modern man, who knows something of modern psychology, immediately makes his protest of escape. That is not fair, he says. I am not free like that, I am bound by my world. I am not strong enough to change it. You *are* free enough when it pleases you, Jeremiah would reply. You do not follow the diet which your doctor prescribes unless you want to. You eat what you will unless you choose to obey your doctor.

You do not save or spend your energy upon your friends' wise or foolish advice, but you choose to spend it, letting energy go out faster than you can take it in, for some great social cause.

Or, for the accumulation of possessions, you will wear your energies ragged and put yourselves ultimately into the hands of a neurologist.

For social prominence you will kill the best that is in you and grind out the lives of your children in the treadmill of the social whirl.

You do not have to do it, but you choose to give your lives for certain things, great or small, to which you want to give them. We certainly seem free, whether or not we are scientifically free. There may be outer limits which you cannot pass, but you have not lived to the limits of the power within you. You are free to choose there.

Jeremiah's Challenge

Jeremiah refused to allow people an individualism of personal freedom, if they would not accept the individualism of personal responsibility.

Then he does an astounding thing, something so impossible that no one can believe him. Back in the days of Abraham, you may remember, Abraham had an argument with God about saving Sodom for fifty righteous men, then for forty, finally for ten, as he tried to make a bargain with God for the saving of that wicked city in case there were righteous men within it. Jeremiah goes that old story nine better. Said he: "Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem, and see now, and know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find *a* man, if there be *any* that executeth judgment, that seeketh the truth; and I will pardon it."

One man—*any* that seeketh the truth! If we only dared fully to believe it.

In Masefield's "Good Friday" we find that One who did truly believe it. Through the understanding dream of Procula's sympathy, there comes the pathetic power of it.

"What did it say?" Pilate asked his wife of her dream.

> A cry, no spoken word,
> But crying, and a horror, and a sense
> Of one poor man's naked intelligence
> Pitted against the world and being crushed.

"But,"
Pilate protests

I cannot weigh, like God, the worth of souls.
He broke a statute, knowing from the first
Whither his act would lead. He was not blind.

And Procula goes on

No, friend, he was not blind.
He followed, hungry and athirst,
The lonely exaltation of his mind.
Only the unafraid before life's roaring street
Touch Beauty's feet.
Know truth.
Do as God bade.
Become God's son.

The City of God, through individuals—*an* individual who somehow manages to keep true! Jeremiah did not, you know. We must not forget that fact. He could not stand the pinch. He cried out in bitter railing against the men who had mistreated him and asked God to curse them. But the principle is there, even though—and perhaps particularly because—he failed.

You see, this means that anyone can begin this City of God. Not finish it; Jesus did not finish it! But it begins in one—you. *You* are the soul of the soulless corporation in which you try to lose yourself. You are war, and famine, and racial injustice. You are politics. Not the party. Party loyalty is the biting scourge of defeatism. "Oh, what can I do? Let the party be responsible," we say. But we do not punish the impersonal party with the one personal thing we have, our vote's integrity. The individual feels small in the size of his political world and loses his sense of importance. "*Any* that seeketh the truth," said Jeremiah.

Answering the Call

"What then am I to do?" you ask. No man can tell you.

As Galileo knelt in prayer in the cathedral in Pisa, no one could tell him the message of that lamp. It swung there for all; but only Galileo, who was looking for its message, heard—and started science upon a new direction.

Apples had fallen on other heads before Newton's. They swore in anger at the injustice of the universe as it hurt them; or eagerly munched the luscious fruit for physical satisfaction. It did not speak to others as it did to him who had wondered about how the stars could hold themselves in their courses.

Others had seen the need of England, but Wesley answered her need, because he believed that one man can gather around himself other men, and through the force of their convictions can spread light and truth to a whole community.

Others had lost their young wives and spent their lives in bitterness. John Bright, losing his, made life different for many poor wives and children by the creative experience of that tragedy.

Life is not static. Its course is not determined. *You* are the answer to the world's need. The world becomes what you and I are, and you and I are what we care about and think upon and love. Individualism—with a difference. Not an individualism of personal freedom, but individualism of a sensitive social conscience and a tender sense of responsibility. It is Jeremiah's staggering answer to things as they should not be. "If there be any, if there be a man that seeketh the truth," the salvation of the world has begun.

The solution is certainly not in any system; we have tried them all. Look back through the history of the world's construction progress and you will see behind it always an illumined spirit, a soul convicted of a great principle. Jeremiah said the solution is in *you*. Is it too much to believe?

The Great Expectation

By Joseph Fort Newton

The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the covenant. Malachi 3:1.

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation. Luke 2:29, 30.

THESE two texts join the last book of the Old Testament with the first scenes of the New, and though far apart in time, they are united by one Great Expectation. Between them flowed four hundred years of tragic vicissitude, but that mighty hope, though often defeated and long delayed, still reigned. Like an arch of promise, it not only spanned that long period, but it became more spiritual, more luminous. Nothing in our human annals is more thrilling than the history of the messianic hope in the Hebrew heart, forefelt in the old Bible and fulfilled in the new; the insight of faith which saw the day-star in the bosom of midnight and followed it through the ages.

In the Boston library, Sargent has painted the history of the origin of religion, its dim beginnings in beast-worship, and the tangled maze of hopes and fears out of which dawned, slowly, the all-transfiguring vision of the one true God. How appealing the figure of the Hebrew slave at prayer, and how vivid the answer to his prayer when the hand of God is put forth from the unseen to stay the arm of the despot—a hand expressive of vast and tender power! Below are the prophets, with Moses in the center, ranging from the earliest seers who saw but dimly, to the latest singers who stand with shining faces and uplifted hand, expecting the coming of Christ. My favorite is the figure of Hosea—the Whittier of the Bible—whose face, drawn from the face of Coventry Patmore, the poet and mystic, is that of a youth, beautiful with benign and tender light. The vision of these servants of the ideal exalts us with a sense of the spiritual struggle of the race, and the high mission of the prophetic genius.

Above the confusions and terrors of their times the

prophets held one tremulous, yet triumphant, hope which their tortured hearts refused to surrender—the hope that God had not broken his covenant with the race. The high intention at the beginning stood firm, "Let us make man in our own image after our likeness," and that note never ceased to sound in the silence of their spiritually sensitive souls. Always it is faith in God that kindles faith in human possibility. In all ages those souls truest to themselves have found in the high purpose of God for humanity the clue to the mingled tragedy and splendor of history, and that faith has filled the night-sky with stars. In the souls of the prophets it was faith in the veracity of God that defeated discouragement and despair—the trust that held when they lost all other trusts. They could not think, even in their darkest hours, that God would allow the human soul to be betrayed and mocked by its own purest and holiest insights. When they foresaw the coming of the Soul of Man—the coming, that is, of a higher type of humanity—they went beyond the cynical facts, by faith interpreting the Mind of God.

The Prophets' Mighty Faith

All through the music of the prophets one hears a note of expectation, a grand and solemn optimism. However threatening the scene of national life, however terrible their denunciations of evil, those heroic souls kept their speech free from the poison of pessimism. Underneath all their eloquence lay the framework of a mighty faith: first, that which is not based upon justice must perish; second, God has revealed justice to his people; third, humanity exists to realize justice; and, finally, justice will be realized at last. The four principles of faith, the four invincible certitudes of prophecy, constituted its power, its passion, and its consolation. And the last of the four, it has been truly said, in equipping it with hope for all eternity, preserved it from the crushing influence of time, with its deadening inertia and its depressing apostasies. These sons of the twilight lived with the future in their souls, eager and forward-looking, their attitude a gesture of expectation and appeal.

So far Malachi. When we close the Scroll of Prophecy and open the Book of Fulfillment, how familiar is the scene before us—familiar as the home of our childhood and interwoven with its memories. A peasant mother with her husband and child are climbing the steps of the temple, bringing two turtledoves as an offering of purification as she presents her babe before the Lord, according to the law and custom of her religion. It was a simple scene, such as one might have witnessed any day in the temple. As Father Stanton used to say, it is the last glance over the shoulder at Christmas before the shadow of the passion falls. Even in that scene, so simple and lovely, with its union of infancy and old age in the fellowship of hope, there was a prophecy of the sword that should pierce the heart of the mother for the healing of human woes: "That the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."

Learned scribes and haughty rulers knew not the meaning of that little group; they never do—such things are revealed only to babes, and to such as keep a heart of childlike faith. But in every age, in every land, there are elect souls who watch for the divine advent—as Emerson went about peeping into every cradle, looking for a Messiah—and in the temple that day there were faithful hearts waiting for his coming. Simeon and Anna, two old people grown grey in hope, each of whom might have repeated the Browning lines:

> I am a watcher whose eyes have grown dim
> With looking for a star which breaks on him,
> Altered and worn and weak and full of tears.

If I were painting a symbolic picture of Hope, as did George Frederick Watts, I would select not a young woman but an old person—the face engraved by experience, the hands blue-veined and strong—like those two saints in the temple. Through the long years they waited, expecting each day to see the Chosen One appear, and ready to receive him. Others rejected him when he came, as we are apt to do, because he did not come as they thought he ought to come—as their creed said he would come—in startling splendor and conquering power.

But those two old saints, wise with the wisdom that grows not old, knew the Messiah when he came in lowly garb, and welcomed him with open arms. How unforgettable is the picture; an old man takes a babe in his arms with a thrill of joy, his trembling voice breaking into a song of praise because he had lived to see the consolation of humanity, the salvation of the Lord. His faith had been justified, his hope fulfilled. Not many men are so fortunate as to be ready to die, willing to die, because the promise of life has ended in realization. More often it is the other way round, and men fall asleep weary of waiting for a dream to come true. The words of Simeon recall that scene at Ostia when Augustine and his mother sat in the window talking just before she passed to where, beyond this twilight, there is light. At last she said:

"My son, I have no further joy in life. What I do here, and why I remain here, I know not, now that the hope of the world is gone. One thing alone made me long to abide here for a little while, the desire to see thee a Catholic Christian ere I died. God hath granted me this more abundantly, in that I now see thee a servant of his, disdaining earthly bliss. What do I here?"

Vision in a Depression

Surely this lesson is sorely needed in this day of deep disappointment and depression, when so many hopes have been blighted, so many dreams deferred—the lesson, that is, that truth comes to those who expect it, watch for it, pray for it. It is so everywhere, in every field of human aspiration. An astronomer, after long calculation, is convinced that a new star is hovering on the edge of the sky, hidden for ages. All the facts point to it. At last, peering through stronger glasses, he sees first a dim glimmer, and then a point of twinkling light. Darwin brooded for years over a huge mass of facts, seeking the law

they concealed, and at last he came upon it—because he expected to find it. Of Charles Kingsley it was said that his work as a poet was marred by the conviction that something tremendous was going to happen about the middle of next week. Even so, but the world could spare its litterateurs better than it could spare its Kingsleys! Indeed, it is almost a definition of greatness to say that it greatly hopes; that it does not surrender to the weakness of despair, but lives expectantly.

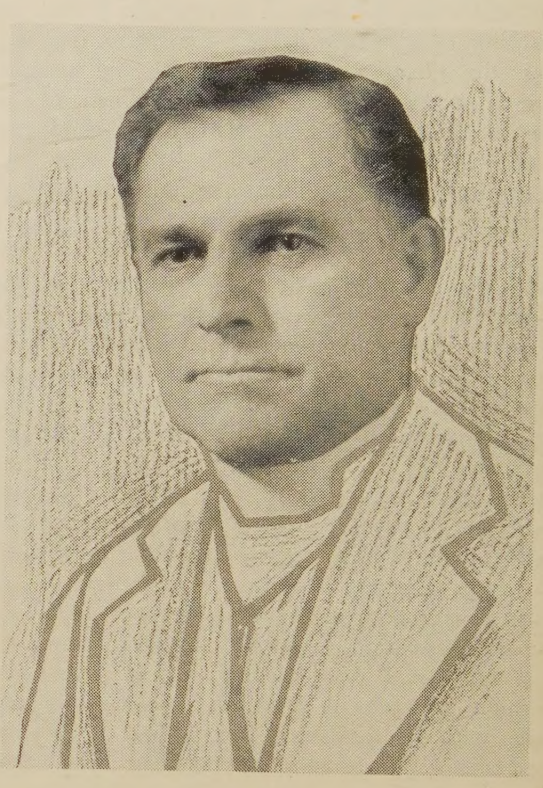
Hopeful Adventurers

Nothing is easier than to be a pessimist. All a man has to do is to give up, let go, trust his darkest moods, and believe in the devil; the rest follows naturally. It is doubly easy today, fatally easy, to repeat the cynical beatitude, as if its wisdom were equal to its wit: Blessed is he that does not expect anything, for he shall not be disappointed. Not he. Such a man mistakes a sunrise for a house on fire, and fancies that he is wise. Only those who are truly wise and have a heart for great adventure can obey that other beatitude, so deeply engraved in the annals of missionary faith: Expect great things of God, attempt great things for God. Here is the true faith, which sees in the confusion of today foregleams of a greater and better tomorrow. It dares to pray for the coming of the kingdom of heaven, not in words only, but also, and much more, in works, watching for it the while as those who wait for the morning. It is a noble attitude, in that it reads the dark present in the context of a slow, eternal process, and finds its joy in labor for those who are to come after.

Such must be our attitude today, when so many bright expectancies are beshadowed by the vast tragedy of the world. Time out of mind, to go no further back than Plato and the Hebrew seers, men have dreamed of an ideal social order in which justice shall be the rule and liberty the sweet food of the people. Many have prayed for it, worked for it, looked for it, many of whom the world was not worthy; but it has not come true. These all died in faith, not having obtained the promise; and as Robertson of Brighton said, it would have shed a sunset glory upon their death-beds, if, as they went out, they could have seen some new token for the race coming in—as at the dawn of a former salvation, hearts old and worn with expectation cried, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." Nevertheless they kept the faith, and it will be justified at last, albeit today it seems like a faint far-off rumor amid the rumble of convulsions and catastrophes unprecedented.

Looking for a New City

No more than they must we yield to despair, much less listen to the pessimism which tells us that after this ordeal of agony things will be as before, only worse; as Galsworthy seems to say in his play, "Foundations." No; the confusion will end—in time; but not so the thoughts that have been awakened, for humanity has gone to a school which must surely change its scheme of values. When London was burned long ago, the great builder, Christopher Wre came forward with a plan for a new city with wi streets all leading to the house of common pray which stands today as his monument. His plan w adopted, but could not be worked out because eac householder insisted that his house should be bui exactly where it was before. Surely it will not b so again. Even the dullest mind must see that it of no use to rebuild a social order which had in the possibilities of the present tragedy. For ages w have been trying to build a humane order upon a inhuman basis. It cannot be done. Today a ne solidarity and a new miracle of sacrifice give us ne



Joseph Fort Newton

hope of a time when a brave, large, brotherly spirit shall build on earth a City of Friends.

By the same token, we must live expectantly as to the future of the church, now so baffled, so bewildered, so sorely tried. Never were the critics of the church so relentless. They tell us that its arm-chair theology has been knocked to pieces in the rough and tumble of the world, that its ritual is mere rigmarole, that it is of no use save as a museum of relics preserved from a time far gone. Troubled by these strident rebukes of the man in the street, many are seeking after "messages" and "re-statements," and even "apologies," but to no avail. Truly we live in the days of the Church Humilitant, when the church is treated with good-natured contempt and an ever-growing neglect. Hence an attitude of defeatism, if not a spiritual inferiority-complex, in the church itself, of which it needs to be healed. For there are signs of a better day, despite many dismal predictions.

There is a passion for reality, and a yearning for a deeper, more experimental fellowship in which old schisms shall be healed. There is a longing for prophetic leadership, and above all, and through all, a desire to realize great social and democratic ideals under spiritual influences. Many humiliations are teaching us humility, and we may yet learn that the church does not rest upon creed or ritual, but upon Christ its Lord and leader.

It may be that God is preparing some deeper disclosure of himself in the midst of this bitter tragedy; but that is his business. One thing is clear, if there is to be revival of faith and renewal of vision, it will come to those who expect it, who are praying for it and watching for it. Meantime, our business is to seek the mind of Christ, that so we may make the things of the spirit a kingdom of realities here and now in the lives we live on earth. The church does not exist to do everything, but to do the one thing without which nothing else is worth doing. If it is in any worthy sense the Body of Christ, it must be a union of those who love in the service of those who suffer, and thus "organize God's light." Not in a day can the church exorcise the ills wrought by a godless generation of politicians in every nation who have scouted its teaching. But it can help to heal the wounds of a world in agony, and the full, broad, deep outgoing of its compassion none can deny. Just now its ministry is there, or nowhere.

There is, however, a profounder expectation and appeal in his theme to every follower of him who came as a babe to the temple. The deepest desire of the Christian heart, its holiest longing, is to realize Christ, not as a hero in history, not as a figure moving amid the shadow of ideas, but as a Living Presence. Dale, Bushnell and Tauler tell us how they read about Christ, argued about him, brooded over his truth for years, and one day at the corner of the street, so to speak, they met him in a new, more intimate, more revealing fellowship—like the disciples at Emmaus. Then they went back to the familiar pages of the Gospels and found them radiant with a light that never was on sea or land. Shall we ever know that assurance? Now we see through a glass darkly, shall we ever see the Living Truth face to face? Shall we ever know that which is now hinted to us in signs, symbols, sacraments? Yes, if we are faithful and expectant. So of old the Lord came to those who waited in the temple, so he will come to us.

Life an Unfinished Symphony

In a world wistful with half-revelations we keep vigil in our hearts, waiting for the coming of the Sons of God—those large, eternal Fellows who will not only interpret the lower by the higher, but give the highest command. Often disappointed, but never losing hope, we are sure of one thing, that the curtain has not yet rung up on the last act of the world drama; there is more, and that more may come any moment with surprising and satisfying suddenness. Human life is a symphony, but it is an unfinished symphony, and we are waiting the last movement, the lost, or yet undiscovered, chord which will give meaning to the discord at the very moment when it is resolved. There is melody. We cannot hear the birds sing, look into the eyes of a friend, or behold the heroisms and loyalties of men, without knowing there is melody; but it is a broken melody, and "nature slides into semitones, sinks into a minor, blunts into a ninth, and still we wait the C-major of this life."

Yet always there is a sense of Something very near, trying to lay hands upon us; Something seeking to make itself seen and heard and felt. The world aches with the stress of a Silence that tries to speak, but is tongue-tied as in sleep, because we do not hear. Here and there a hint, a gleam, of the Eternal bursts through, and as much, or as little, as we see is our religion. Now and then in the face of the very young or the very old we see the flash of a Face, looming in the distance, veiled in beauty, yet coming nearer and nearer—the Face of the Future Man, the Christ-Man, who will be gentle, just, heroic, happy and free. That Face will yet appear here on this blood-bathed earth, where even today the trumpet is still blown for war; that Image will rise higher and higher—light unimaginable will break through every window of the world. God is the everlasting future!

Humanity's Heroic Hope

There remains the great expectation of eternal life, the ancient, high, heroic faith of humanity. Today it is not simply a wistful yearning, but an eager, insistent longing for reunion with those torn from us. And not with them only, but with all those who left us in the long ago, taking our hearts with them when they went away. Is faith a dream? Nay, but the lack of it is the dream, and failing it all the lore of life is but a tale told by an idiot. Aspiration is not mocked; God is not the God of the dead but of those who are alive forevermore. He is as young as the dawn, and as hopeful, and as ready for new adventure. He who filled our hearts with the hauntings of an eternal tomorrow will not leave us in the dust. He is Life, he is Love, he is Joy, and his immortality is stamped, as his signature, upon all that he has made. In him we live here and hereafter, and because he lives we shall live also, deathless as our Father is deathless:

Lord, where Thou art our happy dead must be;
  Unpierced as yet the Sacramental Mist,
But we are nearest them when nearest Thee
  In solemn Eucharist.

Lord, we crave for those gone home to Thee,
  For those who made our earthly homes so fair;
How little may we know, how little see,
  Only that Thou art there.

Dear hands, unclasped from ours, are clasping Thine,
  Thou holdest us forever in Thy heart;
So close the one Communion—are we
  In very truth apart?

Lord, where Thou art our blessed dead must be,
  And if with Thee, what then their boundless bliss!
Till Faith is sight, and Hope reality,
  Love's anchorage is this!

Following the Vision Splendid

By King D. Beach

See that thou make them after their pattern which has been showed thee in the mount. Exodus 25:40.

MOSES was so busy that he had to find time to pray. His weak, fearing, mutinous people, so recently escaped from Egypt, were childishly dependent upon him. He was set upon by anxieties, pressed down with cares, troubled about impending decisions. Therefore he must withdraw for full forty days and nights to commune with God on that mountain from which God had called him, and to think things through in the presence of God.

Upon this mountain-side, alone, Moses pondered, planned, prayed, and dreamed, until the objectives to be gained, the methods to be followed, the work to be done became so clear that even details were plain. He became sure about the minute specifications of the ark, the altar, the tabernacle, and of the form of the sacrificial worship which ought to be followed. Then this admonition solemnly sounded: "See that thou make them after their pattern which has been showed thee in the mount."

As there came to Moses upon the mount a clear apprehension of the holy pattern to be followed, so there comes today to people who seek and think and pray and work, and particularly to people who "see Jesus," a vision glorious of things as they ought to be. The vision appears to them perhaps on a mountain-side, or upon the open sea, or in a forest, or in a garden, or in the closet of private prayer, or in the church sanctuary, or in the confusion of the city streets, or in the clanging factory; perhaps it glows out from the pages of a book, and especially of *the* Book, or from the face and the words of a friend, of a passing stranger, a little child, or a suffering invalid, from glorious music, from common things newly comprehended.

Vision and Daily Routine

The vision glorious may relate on a given occasion to any phase of life. It may relate to character—a dream of what we ought to be, in contrast to this fumbling, stumbling self. It may relate to home—a dream of home becoming a bit of heaven. It may relate to church—a dream of the Christian church becoming more Christian, of a loyal fellowship of young and old, rich and poor, learned and ignorant helping each other on the long journey to the Kingdom of Christ, within and without. It may relate to daily work—a dream of unfairnesses and abuses corrected, of helpfulness increased, of the spirit and purposes of Jesus brooding over business and industry. It may relate to political institutions. James Truslow Adams in his recent book, "The Epic of America," tells us that the most distinctive feature of the people of the United States has been the expectation of "better, richer, happier life for all citizens of ever rank"; he insists that this hope is "the greatest con tribution we have yet made to the thought and welfar of the world." Let us retain that vision! May w not also enlarge it to embrace more than citizens o these United States?

When such visions come, let us, like Moses, hearke to the admonition, "See that thou make them afte their pattern which has been showed thee in th mount."

The pattern on the mount needs to be brought dow to the valley partly for the sake of the pattern itself As the daily life must have the vision to lift it ou of the mud, so the vision must have daily life to cor rect its proportions. From a high-riding aeroplane pigs can be seen long after human beings, since they are near the ground and horizontal and cast a heavy shadow. The most conspicuous and beautiful objects are mud-puddles, which shine with silvery sheen. Thus the vision on the heights may be distorted unless it is corrected by the practical experiences of life it remains hazy, general, inaccurate.

And surely daily life is miserable toil without the vision on the mount, and even meaningless and purposeless. Unless "your old men shall dream dreams, your young men see visions," the people perish. Browning puts these words in the mouth of Bishop Blougram, who made his life "an ease, and joy and pride," who refused to lay aside mundane pleasures, arguing that he would not divest himself of fur in Russia because he would not need it in France:

> The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's
> Is not to fancy what were fair in life
> Provided it could be,—but finding first
> What may be, then find how to make it fair
> Up to our means—a very different thing!

And yet, even this Bishop, studying "how to suit our luggage to the cabin's side," cannot be quite content with such starless existence, and exalts

> These exceptional
> And privileged great natures that dwarf mine—
> A zealot with a mad ideal to reach,
> A poet just about to print his ode,
> A statesman with a scheme to stop this war,
> An artist whose religion is his art.
> . . . . . Such men
> Carry the fire, all things grow warm to them,
> Their drugget's worth my purple, they beat me.

But to bring the vision down to earth, and yet to be true to it, to refuse to compromise it and yet to adapt it to present situations, to keep it unspotted and yet to gear it into the soiling machinery of life, to work in clods and with clods and yet not to become a clod—"Ay, there's the rub!" To determine the next inching step that it is possible to take, and to be satisfied to take it when we are yet so far from the New Jerusalem; to be content to grub in mud, laying foundations when critics cry out that the roof ought to be on; to be happy to wield an adze when the fingers itch for a baton; to hitch winged Pegasus to the plow but to refuse to clip his wings and to make

him a farm-horse—all this requires, as does nothing else, perseverance, patience, self-control, tact, wisdom, and courage.

Moses returning from the holy mountain found that his people, wearied with waiting, had made a golden calf, and were worshiping it! In disappointment and rage he smashed the tablets of stone which recorded part of his vision, and with angry words turned upon the multitude. Likewise, when we see the uncomprehending multitude turning to their golden calves, when we appreciate the difficulties in applying the

KING D. BEACH

vision to life, do we too often smash the tablets of our visions in chagrin and cynicism and anger.

We too often draw back from the grinding toil, the anxieties, the discouragements of building on earth according to the pattern shown in the mount. We are like Hilda in Ibsen's "The Master Builder," who cries out: "The castle on this table. It is my castle. I want it at once." If what we want does not come at once without effort, we resort to golden calves. We venture a few lengths out to sea on our inflated rubber water-wings, but as soon as we feel waves flapping in our faces, we paddle frantically back to our strip of narrow sand and never wet our feet again. And because we are faithless to the vision, it fades, appearing less and less frequently and less and less distinctly. The vision glorious is also the vision perilous. To see and to reject is to make life sodden indeed.

Everyone whose vision is worth having is sorely conscious that no matter how ardently and earnestly he tries to build his tiny section in accordance with the heavenly pattern, his efforts are only infinitesimally successful. Even if one occupies a position of great authority, the contribution is distressingly small that he can make towards helping a church in kaleidoscopic changes truly to represent and exalt Jesus, towards ordering a given business so that it is first and foremost a Kingdom-making rather than a money-making organization, towards lifting the ethical standards of any profession to Christian heights and encouraging men to see that it is not merely practical but also necessary to strive on to these heights, towards making his city worthy of being called the bride of Christ, towards creating understandings and sympathies rather than irritations and suspicions between classes and races and nations, towards curing the sufferings and sicknesses and poverties and unemployments and frustrations and lusts and prides and greeds and hatreds of people, towards bringing good will and fairness and happiness, and beauty and God's Kingdom. How the vision burns in our hearts, and how little we are able to accomplish!

The Real Test

Many times our worst failure is in applying the pattern to our own lives. We who fail to rule our own flesh would change the world into a Kingdom of God.

Kipling poignantly tells us these truths in his poem "The Palace." "A King and a Mason—a master proven and skilled" planned to build a palace "such as a King should build." He found "under the silt" the ruins of an ancient palace, upon the scattered stones of which were carved, "After me cometh the builder. Tell him I too have known." The master joyously built on, freely making use of the stones of his predecessor, but in the midst of his operations:

> When I was a King and a Mason—in the open
> noon of my pride,
> They sent me a Word from the Darkness—
> They whispered and called me aside.
> They said—"The end is forbidden." They said—
> "Thy use is fulfilled,
> And thy palace shall stand as that other's—the spoil
> of a King who shall build."
>
> I called my men from my trenches, my quarries,
> my wharves and my shears,
> All I had wrought I abandoned to the
> faith of the faithless years.
> Only I cut on the timber, only I carved
> on the stone:
> "After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have
> known."

Whatever the difficulties and the incompletenesses, there is nothing the world needs so much as men and women in high and humble places who have seen the vision, and are building courageously and patiently "according to their pattern showed them in the mount."

In fact, the multitudes will never see plainly the vision glorious except as it is flashed upon their dark night by some electric soul blazing forth in glowing word and daring deed. Most people do not think and meditate and pray enough so that the pattern on

the mount is engraved upon their minds and lodged in their hearts. They have only dim glimpses of it, and only grasp it firmly when their hazy and inarticulate ideas and longings are incarnated in the life and expressed in the speech of people who are building according to the holy pattern. Action appears to be natural to human beings; but meditation, though based upon man's deepest nature, appears to be an acquired ability—and few there be who acquire it.

In "Saint Joan," the returning soldier sang a silly ditty and explained, "That don't mean much but it's good to march by." By what poor ditties the mass of people are marching! Between spasms of excitement how dull and hopeless they are! For them, the experience of the Macedonian call must be repeated, "*He* saw the vision and *we* sought to go."

Moreover, in building the walls of the New Jerusalem, as in rebuilding the walls of ancient Jerusalem, the labor and loyalty of one encourage all. When the high priest and his brethren lifted heavy stones and wore their fingers down to the bone to build the sheep gate, when the goldsmiths and the perfumers slacked not, when the son of a ruler repaired the dung gate, and daughters took the places of sons, and gallant men "took a second portion," then each was stirred by the other to repair that portion of the wall over against his own house. Likewise, whenever anyone translates the vision into daily life, whenever a carpenter, a lawyer, a house-wife, a stenographer, a ditch-digger lives and works according to the holy pattern, then all those to whom the vision has shone, whenever they labor, are given new heart. All work is much more nearly a unity than is usually realized. At bottom the difficulties and discouragements and joys are the same in all lines of endeavor. A Scotch mother declared that her son should have the best education possible; when it was objected that the son had made no choice of a profession, she replied, "Ah! Suppose he should be nothing but a chimney-sweep, he must be a Master of Arts chimney-sweep." And a Master of Arts chimney-sweep may be as much needed as a Master of Arts preacher. Moreover, his light may shine more distinctly and farther because it shines from a darkened quarter.

Pleading for a Faithless People

Moses, returning from his mountain vision, and finding his people sunk in idolatry, was utterly disheartened. He had reason enough to conclude that the heavenly vision had no more place on earth than a butterfly in an ocean tempest, or a delicate flower on an Arctic iceberg. After, however, the first flash of murderous anger (let us hope that the statement of the slaughter of three thousand is a gloss or an exaggeration) he pleaded for his faithless people, even praying that he might be blotted out from the list of the living if his people could not be forgiven. When he again centered faith in God and realized God's patient help, the vision returned and confidence was restored in the holy pattern. Then that unrealized glow shone from his face, that glow which comes when perplexity and defeat and hopelessness are finally succeeded by clear understanding, high decision, overcoming faith. Through monstrous difficulties in succeeding years, he became strong to persist in building according to their pattern which had been showed him in the mount.

Many centuries later, a prisoner in the city of Rome, whose wants were temporarily met by the gifts of a few faithful friends in a distant Macedonian city, a prisoner guarded by a Roman soldier, wrote: "I am sufficient for anything that comes, through him who strengthens me." He did not write, as is ordinarily stated: "I can do all things"—for there were many things that he longed to do in that great center of the world which were prevented by his bonds. But, through the strength given by the Father who was brought close by Jesus the Christ, everything which occurred to him had been worked out so that this apostle to the Gentiles could yet carry out his great commission, and could find full opportunity for serving Christ, his Lord and Master. He wrote his friends that even the apparent disaster of his imprisonment had rather tended to advance the gospel, since the entire praetorian guard had come under his influence, and since many of his co-laborers had taken courage from his bonds and were "more abundantly bold to speak the word of God without fear." Paul is emphatically declaring not merely that we may be able to follow the heavenly vision on earth, but also that nothing can finally prevent us from following it, and that every obstacle may be overruled and overmastered to further it.

The City with Foundations

The roll of those is legion who "dwelling in tents" yet "looked for the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God." "Having seen them and greeted them from afar," they held to the vision glorious. They desired "a better country, that is, a heavenly," and knew that "God is not ashamed of them, to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes!

Particularly does Jesus answer, "Yes." He tells us: "I am the way and the truth and the life." Not only does he both make plain the road, and as pioneer, walk ahead of us down that road; not only does he represent the fundamental truth of God and of life; but also he provides that relationship to the Heavenly Father and his children, that organization of abilities, that achievement of personality which makes us living creatures capable both of adjustment to conditions and conquest of them. Through him we are no longer victims of conditions, but conquerors of them. Even though enemies abound, he prepares a table before us that restores strength. He gives us no immunity from the ills of life, but he gives us what is vastly greater—strength for victory. He is the "bread of life"—the food by which out of weakness we are made strong to build a new heaven and a new earth according to the vision glorious shown us in the mount.

God and Man

By Edwin Lewis

Worthy art thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honor and the power, for thou didst create all things, and because of thy will they are, and were created. Revelation 4:11.

IT can hardly be denied that there are an increasing number of men and women—many of them deeply sincere—for whom the word God is nothing but an empty sound. There seem to be fashions in unbelief, as in everything else. The doubt at the present time concerns the reality of God, and no doubt can be more serious, because it carries with it so much else. It is a doubt which goes to the very foundations not merely of the Christian faith but of life and being itself. We are dignifying the denial by calling it humanism instead of atheism, but that is only a form of deception and it does not change the real significance of the denial.

There is going on today an attack on the reality of God which is more severe than any similar attack that Christendom has ever seen. Almost every day a new book comes from the press, which either directly or by implication dismisses God as a mere fiction of the mind of man. Without seeming to be pedantic, may I mention such books as Joseph Wood Krutch's "The Modern Temper," Walter Lippman's "A Preface to Morals," Eustace Haydon's "The Quest of the Ages," Bertrand Russell's "Skeptical Essays," R. W. Sellars' "The Next Step in Religion," Julian Huxley's "Religion Without Revelation," H. L. Mencken's "The Twilight of the Gods," and Max Otto's "Things and Ideals." Books of this class are helping to form the opinions of a large number of people.

New Definitions of God

Then there are other books which keep the word "God," but give it a novel and quite arbitrary meaning. Thus we read that God is Process—that God is Evolution—that God is Law—that God is Principle of Concretion—that God is Value—that God is one's Ideal—that God is a Mental Projection—that God is the Upthrust in Nature, and so on almost without limit. There has in the past been a perfectly definite idea connected with the word "God," namely, an Infinite and Eternal Creative Spirit, of perfect goodness, wisdom, and power, upon whose will all things continually do depend, and who is interested collectively and individually in the race of men. But this idea, we are being told with increasing frequency today, is a pure illusion. There is no such God. Science, and advancing knowledge of other sorts, has destroyed the illusion. Our eyes have been opened. We would better recognize the truth at once. Yet a professed "atheist" was recently heard to exclaim—"There is now no God to help us, but, thank God, neither is there a God to torment us!" Thanking God that God is dead—this is one of those paradoxes in expression which show that some men speak most truthfully when their minds are most nearly asleep.

Will God survive the attack? I believe that he will. He will survive it not merely because of the testimony of a book called the Bible, although that will help. And not merely because of the testimony of an institution called the church, although that too will help. But God will survive the attack, as he has survived similar attacks in the past, because of the unimpeachable testimony of human nature itself. The final proof of God is man. It is because human nature is as it is that there must be a divine nature that answers to it. Man without God is a fact without a cause, which cannot be: wherefore atheism is the supreme irrationality. When in the name of reason God is denied, reason stultifies its own dignity and denies its own implications. Man sinks low enough when he denies God's right to control him. He sinks lower still when he denies God's right to exist, for in that denial he strips himself of meaning. The denial likewise contradicts the human heart.

Crying for the Living God

The modern psychologist denounces "wishful thinking." Not infrequently he explains religion as our taking to be true what we wish to be true. He quite overlooks the fact that again and again the first revelation of truth is by desire. He who will unite the testimony of his own mind with the need and the longing of his own heart will find thereby the certainty of God. "My heart and my flesh cry out for the living God," said the psalmist, and the cry has been echoed uncounted millions of times. "Thou hast made me for thyself, and my heart is restless until it finds rest in thee," confessed Augustine, and Augustine's words have continued to live because they say exactly what at one time or another every man feels to be true.

It was once possible for men to have a comparatively simple view of the world. They endeavored to conceive a time when there was nothing at all except God and the holy angels. Then God, by the exercise of his creative wisdom and power, made the earth and around it the sun, moon and stars. On this earth he placed man, his child, for whose sake all things were. When the earth has served its purpose, man will be transferred to a more desirable sphere, and all that now exists will again cease to be.

For many people today this picture has become impossible, and rightly so, but they replace it with another which is just as impossible. They do not see how the world could ever have "begun," or how it could ever "end." The idea of a God who is a sort of combined Architect, Builder, and Administrator of the universe impresses them as pure mythology. They have read their scientific textbooks. They have learned of the millions of years in which the world has been in the making. They have learned of the certainty that the same "forces" which are making it will at last unmake it. They have learned of the monstrous and repulsive forms assumed by life throughout vast periods. They have learned of the unbelievable prof-

ligacy of "nature" in the production of life, and its equally unbelievable ruthlessness in the destruction of it. They have learned of the dreadful cataclysms which must again and again have convulsed the earth, to the accompaniment of widespread suffering and death. They have learned of the bitterness of the struggle which human beings must have had to wage once they emerged on the arena. They have learned of the animalism, the cunning, the rapacity, the almost utter lack of those qualities that we think of as distinctively human which by all accounts characterized our primitive ancestors.

All this, and much more to the same effect, they have learned. The idea of a cosmic plan and purpose seems to them to have lost its standing: at least, they see no evidence in all this of a supernatural control. Hebrew history is simply a part of universal history. Jesus Christ belongs in the race as completely as any other man ever did. The church is no more divine than is the state: it is simply one more among many other social institutions.

What Is the World?

And so we have a situation like this: To the question, "What is the world?" many men would answer, "The world is a vast machine. It is self-originating, self-sufficing, self-explaining. It is under the control of absolute law, and when we know the law we account for the facts." To the question, "What then is human life?" they would answer, "Human life is simply a small part of the product of this vast cosmic machine. It is just one more thing. It is like a wave of the sea—here one minute, gone the next, lost in the whole whence it came." And to the question, "What then is God?" they would answer, "God is nothing at all but a projection of the human mind. He is an idea, not a reality. If there were no men there would be no God. God is a human creation, made in the image of man his maker, and the man-made image is now about to be smashed." In a word, creation is to be described as a mere episode in the history of what is otherwise eternal nothingness.

It is only reasonable to expect that belief in God shall take note of scientific fact. But to suppose that scientific fact makes the belief in God impossible is a sheer gratuity. Science says that man is a child of the earth: let us fully and frankly recognize that claim. Man has come to be not by sudden fiat but by long natural processes. This is really what is meant by evolution. Man cannot be separated from the world in which he lives. He is part and parcel of a larger whole. He stands, so to speak, at the apex of a vast pyramid, and but for the pyramid there could not be the apex. You might almost say that the human organism is an epitome of cosmic history. It takes the whole of nature to account for man as he is today. Every distinctive thing he possesses is an inheritance from the past. Nature can look at man, and ask him, "What hast thou that thou didst not receive from me?" Whatever view we may come to hold of man in his ultimate nature and in his ultimate significance, we shall have to begin with the fact that man is a child of the earth, just as much as is any plant, any bird, any animal or other living thing.

Does this mean that man is to be explained wholly by nature? As we have been seeing, many would answer that question affirmatively. They would say—"Here is nature, a vast system of law and reality, impersonal, mechanistic, blindly pursuing its unfolding way. And here is man, the product of nature thus conceived, and therefore having no more significance than that of a natural organism. Nature

Edwin Lewis

produced him, nature maintains him, and nature will at last take him back—a handful of dust. There is about him no longer any mystery. Spirit, consciousness, mind, and so on—these are not real entities, but simply convenient terms for describing the behavior of this somewhat complex machine—a man. Having come from nature, man must be reduced to nature's level."

But before we accept such a view, we want to be sure that we understand what we are doing. We need to look at man again. It is true enough that he may be described as a natural organism. But no such description can change the facts of his fundamental nature. And it is those facts that challenge the truth of materialism, and non-theistic humanism, and atheism.

Man, however we account for him, cannot be called less than a rational and moral being. He can do what no other living thing can do. He can face the nature which is said to have produced him, and he can ask it questions to which it can give no answer. He can put to himself the momentous questions, "Whence?

What? Why? Whither?" He can conceive the vast periods of geologic time, and the vast distances of inter-stellar space. He makes articulate the nature from which he springs, which otherwise would remain forever inarticulate. He is the eye through which nature sees its own beauty, the ear through which it hears its own melody, the reason through which it understands its own action. Man has memory, and he therefore saves the past. He has foresight, and he therefore anticipates the future. He has imagination, and he therefore combines past, present and future into one harmonious and meaningful whole. His mind is a power of action in which lies the cause of all civilization, all art, all poetry, all science. Modern behaviorism proposes to get rid of mind. It is a strange endeavor. For what is behaviorism itself but a reasoned theory which could not be constructed and considered save by the very mind whose existence it denies? The denial of mind is a denial that denies itself.

And not only is man a rational being: he is a moral being as well. You pronounce a rational judgment when you say that nine time nine equals eighty-one. In the power to make that judgment is the promise of all ordered knowledge. You pronounce a moral judgment when you say, "This is right, and I ought to do it" or "This is wrong, and I ought not to do it." When you have classified man zoologically you have therefore not done with him. It is true that he has relationships with the mammals, the vertebrates, the quadrupeds, and so on. But when man hears thundering through the corridors of his being the Majestic Voice, "Thou oughtest!" he is no longer a mere mammal. When he conceives a world in which hate and strife shall be done away, and their places taken by love and good will, he is no longer a mere vertebrate. When in the name of conscience he keeps under control the instinct of hunger and the instinct of pugnacity and the instinct of acquisitiveness and the instinct of sex, he is no longer simply one hundred and fifty pounds of closely-articulated chemical substances. He may be still that from the standpoint of physical science, but he is also very much more than that. It is that "more" that is significant. It is that

A Pastoral Prayer

By George Stewart

ALMIGHTY creative Spirit, who dost preside over the rhythm of the changing seasons, who scattereth the frost like ashes and raiseth life out of the death of winter, we behold Thy glory in every green leaf and crimson petal; help us to take to ourselves the lesson of the spring. Thy care enfolds in the radiant world about us, we see Thy thought made perfect in racing cloud and plunging cataract, we are reminded of Thy love by every wayside flower, we are astonished at Thy forgiveness in Thy dealings with the stubborn race of men.

Entrusted with influence beyond our knowledge, granted powers of hand and head and heart to create beauty, love of learning, and a fair society, we still come before Thee with stumbling feet and empty hands, with guile upon our lips and thoughts which knew not Thee. Now, beneath the inescapable light of Thy countenance we confess the ugliness of our actions, the duplicity of our minds. Before Thy holiness we acknowledge our many sins.

As Thou dost warm this earth with April suns and call forth life across the barren fields, summon from fallow spirits every talent to give Thee praise. Remove the ancient grudge and all pride of position, create within us a clean heart and make swift our ways to do Thy will.

Lord God of Hosts, who doth preside over the destinies of men and of nations, restore peace to stricken nations overseas. Bring harmony within our minds and homes, understanding within the dispirited field of industry, brotherliness within all branches of Thy church. Remember that company of men and women and little children who seek to increase happiness, banish ignorance, spread the sway of true religion and strive to follow the footsteps of Thy Son in all the sharp roads of duty and of love. Raise up servants of the people who shall establish justice in the land and fashion fairer patterns for the society that is to be.

With new life moving in plant and man and beast, send fresh courage to the depressed and the afflicted. Lend the healing of Thy seamless dress by every bed of pain. Grant unto those that grieve the knowledge that every loved one given back into Thy keeping shall rise again. Especially guide those who have within their care the lives of little children. Grant unto them sprightliness and wisdom, a kindling spirit and love which never faileth.

Thou whose nature is love and in whose service is perfect freedom, accept the adoration of every uplifted heart. Our wistfulness is too deep for feeble words, our yearning we cannot adequately express, but go where we will in this world of Thine, we cannot escape Thy presence. Day unto day uttereth speech of Thee, night unto night showeth knowledge.

Undergird us once again with Thy mercies, and buoy us up with Thine everlasting arms. Hitherto Thou hast blessed us; in these more spacious days, be with us still. Having praised Thee with our lips, may we bless Thee in consecrated and gracious living. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

"more" that upsets our neat little mechanistic theories of life. It is that "more" whose proper estimate lies of necessity beyond the range of physical science.

Here, then, is how the case stands. On the one hand, we are told that since man is a child of nature, all that is in him is to be explained by nature. But on the other hand, when we undertake to do that we are reminded that man is more than body, more than a machine. He is mind and conscience as well. If, then, you are going to explain man by nature, you see what you have to do. You have to find somewhere in what you call nature a reality which resembles that rational power and that moral power which together make man what he is. How can nature account for man if there be in man that of which nature shows no signs? You can, of course, still insist that the higher is explained by the lower; the rational by the non-rational; the moral by the non-moral; the personal by the non-personal; life by death; that which is spiritual by that which is material. Only, you have no right to claim that such an explanation is reasonable. It is not reasonable. From the standpoint of simple logic, it is as weak as a case could be. I do not believe it convinces even those who claim to accept it. I have too much respect for the mind of the unbeliever to believe that he rests satisfied in his own unbelief.

God a Creative Spirit

What, then, is the alternative? The alternative is that which has been implied in the Christian faith from the beginning, part of the great heritage from the Hebrew people and the Old Testament. This—not that nature is a self-sufficient mechanism, itself neither consciously rational nor consciously moral, yet able to produce from within itself a rational and moral creature like man—not that. No. But that nature is the appointed instrument of an Eternal Creative Spirit—God—who uses this instrument to produce other spirits—men—whose distinctive qualities are those that he himself possesses. In a word, our final reason for believing in God must be ourselves, and the kind of God in whom we believe must be the kind of God whom we can call Father, because we are his children, made in his image.

Such a God satisfies the demand of the mind for adequate explanation. But he does more than that—he satisfies the demand of the heart for One who can be trusted. It was one of the great sayings of Pascal, that "the heart hath its reasons that reason doth not know." The mind and the heart—if the distinction may be allowed—are partners in the search for truth, and each must be heard. In one of the books I referred to earlier, we read the words, "Man no longer has a Cosmic Companion." In another we read, "You see, we have only ourselves." In yet another we read, "All that is left to us is to build manfully on a foundation of unyielding despair." There is a manifest poignancy and pathos in such utterances. They mean that men cannot give up God without a feeling of irreparable loss.

Man wants God. He wants to know that he is not alone in the universe. He wants to know that an Unseen Presence is by his side—the promise of his final arrival at home. He wants to know that the suffering he endures, Another endures with him. He wants to know that not brute force, but Love, is "creation's final law." And this will come to pass:—if what his heart leads him to want to be true he will actually believe to be true—which is the meaning of "faith"—and he will order his whole life accordingly, then he will enter upon a type of personal experience which will be the sufficient evidence to him that his faith is not mistaken.

This is not self-deception. It is not mere wishful thinking. It is not rationalization. It is finding truth in the only way that truth was ever found, namely, by the way of experience. For when a key fits a lock, what do we assume? We assume that the lock and the key were made for each other. We carry in our heart that which will lead us to God, if only we will use it.

Love as the Final Law

All of man's distinctive powers have something answering to them in the world outside. Has he not the power to grow?—and there are things to help him grow. Has he not the power to hear?—and there are sounds to be heard. Has he not the power to see?—and there are objects to be seen. He hungers—and there is food. He thirsts—and there is drink. He grows weary—and there is rest.

Must we stop there?

Must we say now that although man has the power and the desire to reach out into a Beyond, there is no Beyond for him to reach out into? Must we say that although he has the power and the desire to pray, there is no one to whom to pray? Must we say that although he has the power and the desire to worship, there is no one for him to worship? If that were so, he would be a creature to whose greatest questions there were no answers. He would be a creature for whose greatest needs there were no satisfactions. He would be a creature in whom had been produced capacities for which no provision existed whereby they might be cultivated and fulfilled. His most characteristic powers would be like keys for which there were nowhere any locks. In that event, nothing would profoundly matter. Man would appear as the universe's supreme fool. He would have been lifted very high only at last to be dashed down correspondingly low. It is difficult to imagine anything more diabolic than this spectacle of man being impelled to grope for a Light Eternal only to find awaiting him the gross darkness of eternal night.

Heeding the Certainties

I for one refuse to assent to such a creed. I refuse to allow the uncertainties of life so grievously to insult my intelligence. I do not deny the uncertainties, but I refuse to allow the uncertainties to speak so loudly that I cannot hear the certainties. It is, indeed, these very uncertainties that create the conditions in which faith becomes possible. There could be no faith in a world where all was perfectly clear. In a word, we have to choose God, as we have to choose all our

moral ultimates. And the choice, once it is made, receives increasing verification in the meaning that the choice more and more comes to have for life itself.

Life Takes a Holiday

By Albert Buckner Coe

Then said I, Whither goest thou? And he said unto me, To measure Jerusalem. Zechariah 2:2.

IN the play, "Death Takes a Holiday," which recently ran its all too brief time upon the stage, we find death taking the form of man and going forth to see what men think of him. While death is on his holiday nothing dies; vegetation thrives; no leaves fall; the grass is lush green; no child, no man is laid away in the tomb. In the midst of life fear possesses mankind. Everywhere death goes, he sees men cowering in terror though they do not recognize him. Death looks out over the world, measures the thought of humanity, and beholds himself held in fear.

Suppose in like manner we permit life to take a holiday. Let life wander about the earth in human form to see what man thinks of him. To make the impression stronger, let death overcome all but man and then see what man thinks of life, life which he holds so lightly. Let the grass die, the leaves fall, the cattle succumb. With men compelled to think of life, their idea of it will stand out as stark and honest as leafless branches against a bleak sky. "Then said I, Whither goest thou? And he said, to measure Jerusalem."

We do not speak of life in its biological sense, its strictly philosophical sense, or any other specialized sense. We speak of it in the sense in which we use it when we say "life is sweet," "life is too brief," "life is good," life—the days of man's existence as we know it. Let us note then the various conceptions that are held about life in this sense.

Life as Comedy-Tragedy

One says that life is a stage whereon is played comedy and tragedy. We are here for the amusement of the world and the people in it. Nothing has gone before and nothing will follow. We are actors heeding the request of Hamlet: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I speak it, trippingly on the tongue." It is for us to grace the stage as best we may for the short act during which we tread its boards. Another says that life is a joke. There are living, breathing human beings who consider life a joke, strange as it may seem. Perhaps all of us in some light and more sanguine mood have thought of life in this way, and some few effervescent souls there be who always think of it so. Still another says that life consists of a series of interferences with our control. Some interferences are cruel and some are kindly. A storm tears down our barns. Or, on the other hand, a life-giving shower moistens the plants in our garden, causing them to hold up their heads in promise. Life is something beyond our control; there is no use in trying. Therefore, it were best to take what comes and do what one can with it.

Another says life is an emotional spree. Drunk with the new wine of some emotional stimulus we laugh "ha-ha," and wave our arms as we run down the road until another emotion drives us into a dark corner and to despair. Or perhaps the early historian was right: life is like the flight of a sparrow flying from the outer darkness through a window into the light, remaining a moment and flying out again into the darkness.

Life a Swinging Door

A very interesting modern idea of life is brought out in the book, "Grand Hotel." Life is a revolving door. It turns and turns, and swings and swings. We hear the spokesman of the idea answer a query: "Yes, but what's your notion of life? Does life exist at all as you imagine it? The real thing is always going on somewhere else. When you are young you think it will come later. Later on you think it was earlier. When you are here, you think it is there—in India, in America, or Popocatepetl or somewhere. But when you get there, you find that life has doubled back and is quietly waiting here, here in the very place you ran away from. It is the same with life as it is with the butterfly collector and the swallow tail. As you see it flying away it is wonderful. But as soon as it is caught the colors are gone and the wings bashed. The revolving door turns and turns—and swings and swings and swings."

The very opposite of this conception is that of life as a struggle—a hard, grinding struggle. There is a good example of this type in Ibsen's "Brand." Brand is a fanatical Norwegian minister of religion. His God is a post-Christian version of the savage God of the Old Testament. In his successive renunciations, in his sacrifice of ambition and career, his ordeal as a son, as a father, as a husband, there is revealed the eternal struggle between life and ideals. Brand's "All or nothing" comes rolling toward us on the wind, representing the very heart of struggle. "All or nothing." No sweetness, no flexibility, no depths of love—all or nothing.

We could go further in an enumeration of man's varying attitudes toward life, but it is not necessary. In life as a stage, as a joke, as a series of interferences, as an emotional spree, as a sparrow flying into the light out of the dark and into the dark again, as a revolving door, as a hard, relentless and bloodless struggle—we have a suggestion of the varieties of men's thought on life. It is true, however, that we cannot really define life. I entered Brentano's book store in Chicago recently and, as is my custom, I asked permission to look over the books. It is the least expensive treat that I know. I turned the leaves in one book and found this sentence: "Fifty people have fifty different conceptions of life and in every conception there is a mistake." Our difficulty lies in our being bound by our own importance. We are kept from giving a general definition by introducing into

the definition our own problem and thus limiting our outlook. We are like the new policeman who walked his beat on a high hill overlooking a city. Suddenly he saw a fire below in the most congested section. In his eagerness to inform the fire chief he ran to the alarm station nearest to him. Soon the engines came laboring up the hill. The driver stopped and inquired the location of the fire. When told that the fire was miles below in the city the new policeman was scornfully reproached. Like the policeman, we, in defining life, ring the alarm nearest us.

Tolstoi's View of Life

Do we dare attempt to find out the meaning of life? Tolstoy, according to the play by Stevens, was obsessed with the necessity of doing so. He says:

"I am convinced. Life is an evil. It is an absurdity. It is a joke played upon us. I ask all the philosophers that have ever lived: 'What is the meaning of my life?' They can answer nothing satisfactorily. It has no meaning. I ask: 'What will come of my life?' They can answer nothing. I ask: 'Why does all that is exist, and why do I exist?' And they can only answer: 'Because it does exist.'

"I turn to science, and it gives me a lot of exact answers to questions that I never asked: about the chemical elements in the stars, about the movement of the sun, about the infinitely small and imponderable particles of ether; but when I pin it down and ask it what is the meaning of my life, it can only say: 'You are what you call your life; that is, a temporary and accidental agglomeration of particles. The mutual action and reaction of these particles on one another has produced what you call your life. This agglomeration of particles will continue during a certain time, then the reciprocal action of these particles will cease, and with it will end what you call your life, and with it will end your questions as well. You are an accidental lump of something'."

All of us have this yearning to learn the meaning of life. Over and over we conjecture even though we realize that we ring the alarm nearest us. To me life is struggle, but not the struggle of Brand. In the minor struggles of life we achieve our greatest happiness. Our arms are strong through struggle. Our business is prosperous through struggle. The sermon is effective because of struggle. Life *is* struggle, but struggle that is natural, normal and immersed in sweetness. In the larger sense life is struggle with self, struggle with circumstances, struggle against evil, struggle upward, struggle toward God. We are sure of God when there is aspiration in the heart of man—aspiration which is found in all but the abnormal sons of men, aspiration which entails struggle. There is no indication that aspiration is diminishing—quite the contrary, it is increasing, and God is accordingly shown forth anew. I cannot say "all or nothing" with Brand. Men are as yet too frail for that. Moreover, God has placed much of beauty at hand. He cannot intend for us to neglect it. I repeat—life is struggle that is natural, normal and immersed in sweetness—the sweetness that comes from beauty, that comes from the deep loves that we possess. There is no weakness in his conception, because we do not struggle for the mere sake of struggle, but that we may be victorious. And to be victorious over the long period we must lose the constant sense of struggle in the sweetness that lies at hand or that we create.

How shall we act on the basis of this idea of life?

First, let us have a sense of humor and be able to play. We need to develop a sense of humor here in America. Some laugh at everything. Many laugh at nothing. The Englishman improves on us in that he is more gifted in play. He entertains his company

Albert Buckner Coe

by occasional sallies into deep discussion, but more generally by excursions into fields of fun. I was entertained in an English clergyman's home two summers ago. I was prepared to discuss philosophy with him, but was kept from it by his insistence upon doing sleight of hand tricks for a solid hour. I went home abashed. If life is struggle, we need to play. We must have a sense of humor. William Howard Taft was famous for his chuckle. His chuckle revealed a rich good humor; and he needed it. After his presidency in Washington he became professor of law at Yale. One fine morning the very corpulent professor walked past some student dormitories. Three happy students looking from a high window, decided to speak familiarly to the dignitary below. One of them cupped his hands and called: "Hello, Bill." The former president entered at once into the fun, turned, looked up, and waving his hand replied, "Hello—o." The four were fast friends from that moment. No further familiarity was evident because a big man

had a sense of humor. Life may be a struggle, but we may endure for the long and triumphant struggle when we keep a sense of humor and cultivate the habit of play.

Again, on the basis of life as struggle, let us endeavor to live a great religious life. Religion, in the words of Webster, is "the recognition of a power to whom service is due." But are we recognizing that power? "We live in a world today where the very air is quivering with human speech, where the skies are actually vibrating with music and song, where every thought we think goes shivering to the stars." And yet we seem impotent in the presence of this power. Our lives are lacking in the glow that should warm and illumine us. Let this be our purpose: to use all of the understanding that we possess in bringing to our inner lives the appreciation of God that should be there. Whatever of beauty, truth and friendship we may find; whatever inspiration can be derived from song, prayer and scripture reading—let us use them all as stepping-stones to a higher understanding. Let us also study to know the welfare of our fellow men that we may know God. Now as never before we are all bound together. It is a well known fact that in a very exclusive women's club in one of the large cities of this country the members, who had never before sought to find the rock bottom cause of social unrest, were found trying to understand the underlying thought of hungry workers who carried a banner before them bearing these words:

NO BREAD. NO COAL.
DON'T BEG. FIGHT.

Let the interests of all human beings be our interests, and their sorrows our sorrows. Let us go through humanity to the presence of God. Does religion mean nothing? It can be the very life of man.

On the basis of life as struggle we must live courageously. We do not adjure endurance, for that is too stoical; we do not urge patience, for that suggests limited moral strength; we do not suggest fortitude, for that invites self-pity. We urge courage. It is robust, hopeful and aggressive. It implies forward movement. It was courage that enabled Jesus to pass through the Garden of Gethsemane; through Pilate's court; through the journey to Golgotha; through the derisive shouts of the mob. We are wise to cultivate courage on our way along the winding paths and over the barbed wire of these days.

Henry Wright was a loved teacher at Yale. Early in life he was overtaken by tuberculosis. As long as his strength lasted he gave of himself without stint in the interest of young men who faltered along the way of life. In his last days, seated in the open on cold winter days with only a means of warming his hands, he gave of his courage to men who staggered in the way. When he died his funeral service was held in Battell chapel. The minister read these words among others:

He never turned his back
But marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph.
Held we fall to rise
Are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

Let us live courageously!

Finally, on the basis of life as struggle, we must be filled with hope. We have cause for hope. Begbie years ago brought to light well-nigh ruined men who had been lifted from the gutter by the word of Jesus, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." The magic of a name proved a salvation. Today, through the magic of the same name operating in the field of science, individuals broken in mind and in body have become in truth sons of God. Sociology, psychology, psychiatry and religion are used now in bringing men into the consciousness of a new understanding. He came into my study broken by fear—fear of imagined sin, trembling, and in anguish. He was sick, mentally sick. Reason had no effect. Prayer had no balm. But a knowledge of psychology on the part of a Christian physician brought him to a point where, with a clear mind and an absence of fear, he could cry "Abba, Father." Life's struggle is more filled with hope than ever before because we are learning at last that the emotions may be trained through a combination of scientific knowledge with real religious insight.

Progress Already Achieved

There is hope also to be found in the broader world of human progress. No longer do millions of men live in legalized slavery. No longer do thousands of women live in legalized houses of prostitution. The struggle has been hard, but crowned with achievement, and, remembering these and other achievements, we are justified in facing the future with hope in the midst of these troublous days. A few individuals will not always control a large share of the wealth of this land. There will be more good things for more people. There will not always be periods of impoverishment in the midst of plenty. There will be unemployment insurance or something akin to it to keep food in the mouths of millions. There will not always be wars. The determined, consecrated action of men and women building up agencies of peace and good will on the basis of the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy, will free us from the dominations of the military mind. There will not always be a limited conception of God that has him sicklied o'er with a pale cast of negation. There will come, through large love operating over a vast horizon, a God who will be the shepherd of the world of men, seeking and finding for them peace on earth and eternal good will.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,

Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

Let life take a holiday! He will find many of us in this day entering upon the struggle with great good humor and a deep religious craving, with dauntless courage and with brightest hope. Struggle—which is part aspiration—which is God.

"And I said, Whither goest thou? And he said unto me, To measure Jerusalem."

Are We the Victims of Heredity?

By Albert W. Palmer

"Look unto the rock whence ye were hewn, and tne hole of the pit whence ye were digged." Isaiah 51:1.

WHAT blind fate was to the ancient Greeks and the devil to the Middle Ages, heredity is to the modern man. Before what certain scientists say about its influence and power he stands well nigh paralyzed. He applies for life insurance and the company inquires curiously about the health of his ancestors and their favorite family diseases. He studies sociology and learns about the contrast between the Edwards family and the Jukes family. Some inquisitive sociologist, rummaging around in old records, has computed that out of 1,394 descendants of Richard Edwards and Elizabeth Tuthill in the last 300 years 12 have been college presidents, 65 professors, 265 college graduates, 60 physicians, 100 clergymen, 60 authors, 100 lawyers, 30 judges, 80 public officials, 3 congressmen, 2 senators and 2 presidents. Distinguished names like Jonathan Edwards, Aaron Burr, Eli Whitney, Bishop Vincent, Grover Cleveland, U. S. Grant and Edith Carrow Roosevelt grace the Edwards family record. On the other hand, during the same period, out of 1,220 members of the Jukes family, 300 died in infancy, 440 were wrecked by disease, 310 were professional paupers, 50 prostitutes, 60 thieves, 7 murderers and 53 other criminals! All of which seems to indicate that blood will tell, and to justify, on one side at least, the witty rejoinder: "Yes, and the less it tells the better!"

Or the modern man studies biology and runs up against Mendel's law, which teaches him that if he crosses yellow and green peas the first generation will be all yellow but the second generation will be three-quarters yellow and one-quarter green. In other words, there is something that carries through certain characteristics from generation to generation. The persistence of these characteristics in the germ-plasm is apparently due to microscopic bodies called chromosomes which are unaffected by education or environment and which, by the way they combine, hand on the heritage of past generations. So, if you have blue eyes or a bald head, you blame it on the chromosomes!

All this tends to discourage the independent efforts of the individual. "What's the use!" he says. "Mendel's law settled it all for us. Germ-plasm is fate. If it isn't provided for in the chromosomes, what's the use of trying?" The mental effect is depressing. A man remembers the diseases his parents or grandparents died of—or, worse yet, their sins or temperamental weaknesses; then mental autosuggestion does the rest. If he feels temptation to drink or dishonesty or sexual sin or if he sees any symptoms of certain diseases, he may lose hope, and say "I guess it was born in me," and give up the fight. To forestall all this I would interpose a few sane and constructive words of hope and courage.

Heredity a Large Factor

First of all, we must admit, of course, that heredity is a large factor in life: your own observation of physical and mental characteristics tells you that. "Wooden legs are not hereditary, but wooden heads are!" I wish all high school young people could read Wiggam's "Fruit of the Family Tree." Extreme and incomplete as that book is, it will give nevertheless an idea of the seriousness of marriage and the importance of marrying into wholesome families. Youth in its more romantic moods would do well to ponder this. At the same time, I recognize the peril of a sort of germ-plasm snobbery which lurks within the book, in its attitude toward foreigners and its apparent acceptance of the foolish myth of Nordic racial superiority.

But if heredity is a large factor, still it must be remembered that, on the whole, it is a constructive and hopeful factor. That we are here at all is due to the triumphant persistence of that within our life stream which could not be defeated. There is more of life than death behind us, more of good than evil, more of hope than despair, more of onward urge than doubting retreat. Otherwise we should not be facing the issues of life on our own responsibility.

Moreover, heredity is only one factor in life. There are other influences which qualify it and can even be played off against it. One of them is environment. Indeed, much that is uncritically accepted as heredity is not hereditary in the biological sense at all. It is what we call social heredity and is therefore really to be credited up to environment. Take the Edwards family, for example. I frequently disagree with Clarence Darrow, but he was dead right in an article in the American Mercury in which he called attention to the fact that the Edwards descendants profited by the best New England environment and the moral incentive of a great family tradition, while the Jukes family lived in bad environments and morally depressing circumstances. The change in temperament and facial expression which comes to orientals born in Hawaii, a

friendly American community, abundantly demonstrates the fact that what we often uncritically accept as hereditary is not so at all but only the result of environment.

Whatever you may think you know about your heredity that is bad or menacing, you should at once balance it by choosing an environment calculated to bring out the strength and virtues which will offset your possible hereditary dangers.

Will power is a factor in practical life. Your ancestors may have voted wrong. Then gather yourself

Albert W. Palmer

together and cast your vote for what is right! What takes an engine up Pike's Peak? The steam? That is heredity. The guiding rails? That is environment. The purpose of the engineer? All is useless without that. Be the engineer of your own life! Cast the deciding vote!

I know full well that there are people who regard the will as an outgrown psychological idea and consider any reference to its freedom as a betrayal of gross ignorance concerning "conditioned responses" and "behavior patterns." But I also remember a story which I once heard from a university dean. A student, coming before him to show cause why he should not be expelled for disobedience to a major university regulation, made this plea: "But, professor, I have learned here at college the truth of determinism, and as a determinist I don't see how I could have done otherwise!" To which the dean replied: "I also am a determinist! And I have determined that you shall not attend this university until you are ready to obey its regulations." Three months later the student returned and agreed to abide by the rules! Sometime during those three months he thought the problem through, weighed the merits of the case, made a moral judgment, came to a decision and cast the deciding vote! You can do the same! Freedom of the will does not mean we can do anything, however fantastic, or that our lives are not played upon and influenced by mighty forces. It simply means that, as rational beings, we can use our sense of values and powers of judgment to some purpose and thus make the final decision our own.

Heredity Not a Unit

It must be remembered that heredity is not a unit. More than one ancestor is struggling within you! We are all of mixed blood—very mixed, indeed, but more good than bad. You have 2 parents, 4 grandparents, 8 great-grandparents, 16 great-great-grandparents, 32 great-great-great-grandparents, and so on! Go back only ten generations and you accumulate 2,046 ancestors on the way. You are descended from possibly 1,024 different people of the generation that saw the Mayflower cross the ocean. There is nothing so democratic as a family tree, if you climb into all its branches! Probably most of those ancestors were fairly decent folks on the whole. Side with the best of them, then, and don't disgrace them!

It is also important to note that it is usually not actual diseases and it is never concrete sins that are inherited, but only weaknesses or tendencies. Now, obviously, these tendencies can be guarded against and forestalled. No one need die of tuberculosis because his ancestors did. But he does need to discipline his life. A man who knows he has a predisposition to tuberculosis will live out of doors, build up reserves of strength by nourishing food, adequate rest and avoidance of unnecessary over-fatigue. By such an intelligent ordering of his life he may live out his days with health and strength far above the average. What then should a man do who knows that he has a hereditary background of drunkenness or dishonesty? Suppose he knows that his grandfather ran off with another man's wife or committed murder in a fit of rage? The answer is, of course, a disciplined life with special emphasis on sobriety, loyalty, respect for womanhood, control of temper and passion. A man who so disciplines his life may succeed grandly where his ancestors failed. Oftentimes the qualities which make a great sinner also make a great saint, if they are rightly directed and controlled.

Finally, the whole upward striving evolutionary process bears witness to something more than heredity and environment combined. "Look to the rock whence ye were hewn and the hole of the pit whence ye were digged!" How explain this mighty upward progress! Why are our ancestors no longer tree-dwellers or cavemen? Because of heredity? Not so. Because of environment? Possibly. But behind standeth God within the shadow, that great upward-surging Life Principle which has never permanently been defeated. That triumphant Life Principle is in you! Back of all your other ancestors, God is your ultimate ancestor. Don't give up the fight! The God within you will help you in every battle for righteousness and strengthen you in every forward step.

Promoting Friendliness in a City Church

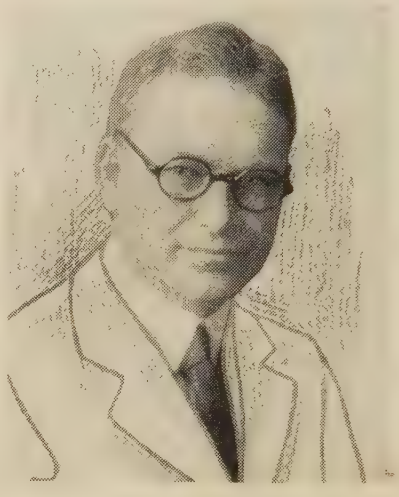
By WILLIAM H. BODDY

A CHURCH is a comradeship of worship and service. No matter how strong its pulpit, if a church does not bring people together in stimulating and enriching contacts, its influence is not permanent. Its congregation is a congregation of listeners and it wanes with the passing of the preacher or the coming to the neighborhood of one whose appeal is stronger. A church ought to foster the closest human fraternity because it associates people in a quest for the highest spiritual ends. Then, too, the creative influence of the church depends on the impact of spiritualized personalities. Conversion is by contagion. Often the first step necessary toward helping people to God is to help them to normal social relationships. So there is no substitute for the pastoral function of the church and the minister.

• *Creating a Family Feeling*

But how to achieve a family feeling; or, indeed, even "speaking acquaintance" in a large church in a section of a great city, made up of people largely transient as to the city itself and almost wholly transient as to a particular location in the city, constitutes a very real problem. The presence of a great university in the parish adds materially to the number of peripatetics. To illustrate, in our church of 2,400 members, which celebrates its centennial in 1933, about one-third of the entire personnel has been received in the last three years. This has been through no campaigning for members, but is suggestive of the normal turn-over of our membership. During the last year there have been 475 changes in addresses of family units. When one considers that the same fluidity obtains among all the families which are the adherents of the church, though not its members, the complexity of the task of knowing the people and of building up a normal church life is seen. For, of course, the more mobile the congregation, the more difficult is all the work of the church staff, whether its nature be clerical or personal.

Then, too, a church whatever its strength in numbers, situated in the type of community I have described, cannot, in the absence of large endowments, have an adequate corps of full time workers. Wealth is not likely to linger "where cross the crowded ways." Our task, then—and it is one shared by many city churches—is first, how to know the people who are in our congregation; and, second, how to make them, though they may tarry but a year or two, a vital part of the church when they become members of it. We have not, by any means, met the situation



WILLIAM H. BODDY

adequately, but some of our methods may interest others who are at grips with the same problem.

We seek to learn the names of the visitors in our congregation by the use of a Visitor's card which is in all the pews every Sunday. We can not depend too largely upon members greeting worshipers because the congregation is large and many people are themselves relatively new, as I have indicated, and also many members come only to the services of worship and are not themselves acquainted beyond a small circle of friends. The visitor's register in a crowded kardex is of no use, but there is seldom a Sunday when several cards are not signed.

• *Opportunities of Communion Sunday*

Then too, every second month on Communion Sunday all people are asked to indicate, on a card prepared for that purpose, that they have partaken of the sacrament. While this is primarily a record of the communion attendance of our members, we generally have from 150 to 250 cards signed by those who are non-members. It ought to be said that our communion services are the most largely attended of all the services of the church with the exception of those at Easter and Christmas. This is achieved partly by the communion letter which is sent to all members. This letter reminds the people of the significance of the sacrament of the Lord's supper and suggests the privilege of attendance. A different letter, of course, is written before each communion service. While the letter is addressed to members, we find that many non-members attend through the invitation of their friends. Those who indicate on their cards that they are members of other churches in the general neighborhood receive no further attention. Those who are from outside the city, or so far away from their church as to make attendance impossible, receive a call.

Another method of acquaintanceship is the annual sign-up of all the people on a selected Sunday, everyone in the service being asked to register on that particular day. In a congregation of 1200 about 800 will sign, and of these from one to two hundred are likely to be strangers. There is, of course, always the group who carefully keep their identity unknown, preferring no service from the church except the privilege of worship.

• *Fruitful Results from Friendly Calls*

Now as to our means of calling. Ordinarily, except on request, we call only upon those with whom we have had some contact in church. Indeed, we do not invite anyone to join the church who has not been for some time an attendant. We find that the keeping in touch with our prospects, trying to make the 200 to 275 persons who join the church each year a vital part of the organization—in addition to the regular pastoral calling on so large a congregation scattered over so large an area—is a major task for the minister and his assistants. Indeed, it is beyond their possibilities. This is the way we try to solve this problem.

When a member unites with the church, the minister learns as much as possible about him and his background. He then writes to a family of longer membership in the church which he thinks has interests in common with the newer member and asks that a friendly call be made. He requests also that the older family sponsor the new member for a few months and introduce him into the activities of the church. If possible, a member is asked to call who lives

in the general neighborhood of the new family, but a community of interests is the first requisite in making the selection of the one who is asked to visit a particular family. A card is enclosed upon which the member addressed is asked to make a definite reply as to whether he will undertake the responsibility and if, having undertaken it, he will make the call within two weeks and report upon it to the minister. We try to see that the new member receives such a social call before being approached for a church subscription.

• *A Volunteer Staff of Women Callers*

Then we have our "volunteer staff" composed of 25 women carefully chosen for their religious zeal and their social tact. This group is directly responsible to the minister. No announcement of its organization or meeting is made. The minister holds a conference with this committee once each month. The members are instructed in the art of pastoral visitation by the minister and in its details by the membership secretary. This staff has its own chairman who assigns calls to be made. Each woman definitely pledges herself to a certain minimum number of calls each month. These women are of the number most active in the various organizations of the church and because of this they easily introduce new women into the activities of the church. They do all kinds of parish visiting, calling on prospects, shut-ins, new members and, indeed, anyone upon whom a call seems to be indicated. This method is proving quite successful.

• *A Biennial "Friendly Visitation"*

About once in two years we bring together a much larger group who call in friendly visitation on all the other members. These people "talk up" the church, telling of its varied ministry and urging a regular attendance upon its services of worship. By this method also a great deal of valuable information is obtained and recorded on prepared report cards. This information often suggests the need of special attention on the part of the minister or some of his assistants. All collateral information of interest, such as the occupation of the person called upon, the number in the family, the talents and interests of the members of the family—when these are discovered without the manifestation of undue curiosity—is kept on a kardex file so that the minister may know as much as possible concerning the family when he calls and so the church may serve as intelligently as possible.

Several times during the church year a reception, party or dinner is given by the congregation for those who have most recently united with the church. A carefully chosen, alert, social committee is in charge of these gatherings. The name of the new member is given to the organizations in which he might naturally be interested and such organizations are encouraged to cultivate his acquaintance and invite him to membership. The information concerning the activities which most appeal to the new member is obtained on the application for membership which he fills out before he meets the Session. Then, of course, the recruit is as soon as possible given the task of helping to introduce some one still newer into the active life of the church.

These, then, are some of the methods, all too imperfect, by which one of those who "preach to a procession" seeks to become acquainted with the participants in the parade and make them friends one with the other. After all, a procession is interesting. There are always hundreds of people in it and they are human beings. Personally, we find them open and eager-minded. Ministering to them is a stimulating and rewarding task. Itinerating ministers laid the religious foundation of America. Perhaps those who minister to itinerating congregations have even a greater opportunity. Jesus did so much good as he "passed by." We seek to serve the people as they pass by.

Talking It Over

A DEPARTMENT *of* COMMENT *and* CRITICISM

Sermons That Socialists Will Read

SIR: May I relate briefly how I came to be particularly interested in your papers? A friend of mine, a reader of the "Century" and the "Pulpit", gave me an extra copy of the January Pulpit. Reading it, I was proud to be a minister and my hope for the church was greatly quickened when I saw how splendidly our leading preachers are matching the issues of the hour with the greatness of Christ. I loaned the copy to a communist friend of mine who couldn't get out of his head that idea of the communists that "religion is dope for the people." He was always declaring that every minister is, consciously or unconsciously, subservient to the wishes of his wealthy pew-holders. I handed him this January issue of the Pulpit as a silencer for that Russian noise.

It proved effective. Before he returned it he took the liberty of lending it to several of his socialistic friends. When the paper got back to me, the pages were considerably creased and soiled.

Now, on Monday mornings, my friend's first word is, "Did you hear Fosdick on the radio yesterday?"

HENRY H. WINTLER.
First Presbyterian Church,
Los Gatos, Cal.

♦ ♦

As to Funeral Sermons

SIR: I have read with interest the request of some ministers that the Pulpit publish funeral sermons. I would like to offer a frank opinion.

Too many ministers look upon the funeral as an opportunity to blast open the "pearly gates" with oratory and eulogy. Much of our effort is wasted on unresponsive caskets. The funeral audience is largely a product of an artificial condition. At best the family and friends of the deceased are under a physical and mental strain which should be eased as quietly as possible by the minister. We preachers need to realize that every individual constructs his own funeral sermon in life, and that the pulpit is a sorry place to play upon the emotions of grieving relatives and to exhaust a living religion upon a dead subject.

Any system of religious thinking which inspires a minister to construct each year over a hundred stimulating, living sermons should not be unable adequately to meet the occasional demands of the funeral.

ROBERT L. HARGIS.
Disciples of Christ Church,
Milton, Ill.

♦ ♦

Seconds "Rural Number" Suggestion

SIR: A correspondent suggests a Rural Number of the Pulpit. I second the motion. I have spent most of my ministry in rural churches, and should like to see a number with contributions from the rural field, from which come the great majority of ministers and leaders in church and state.

Would not more men of ability be willing to give their entire ministry to rural work if the "standing" so-called of the rural charge could be put on a proper basis of recognition? Surely the work of the kingdom is one.

A. C. HOFFMAN.
Aurora, Ont., Canada.

♦ ♦

Dr. Scherer's Sermon

SIR: Thank you for giving us that sermon by Dr. Paul Scherer in your March issue. In it the prophet and poet meet.

WILLIAM C. MARTIN.
First Methodist Church,
Dallas, Tex.

• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

TEN months overseas war service changed the direction of Rev. ALLAN KNIGHT CHALMERS' life and turned him from his ambition to become a college professor of history to the ministry. His father, Rev. Andrew Burns Chalmers, was a Congregational minister. After the war Dr. Chalmers was a teacher at Gilman school in Baltimore, director of a gymnasium in Meriden, Conn., and a student at Yale Divinity school. In 1920 he became assistant minister at Dwight Place church, New Haven. Graduating from Yale in 1922, he was for two years minister at First church, Springfield, Mass., and a little later was called back to the New Haven church as minister. In 1927 he went to First Presbyterian church, Buffalo, and about a year ago was called to succeed Dr. Charles E. Jefferson at the famous Broadway Tabernacle, New York city. Dr. Chalmers' sermon on "Individualism" was recently preached before the Chicago Sunday Evening club.

A graduate of the Southern Baptist seminary, at Louisville, Dr. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON began his ministry at First Baptist church, Paris, Tex.; later he founded and ministered to the People's church at Dixon, Ill., and from there went to Cedar Rapids, Ia., as pastor of the Liberal Christian church. In 1916, he was called to the City Temple, London. Three years later he returned to America, accepting a call to the Church of the Divine Paternity (Unitarian), New York. Since 1925 he has been in Philadelphia, at the Memorial Church of St. Paul, and at St. James Episcopal church.

It was in the first of the four buildings of First Methodist church, Baltimore, Md.—of which Rev. KING D. BEACH is pastor—that the Methodist Episcopal church was organized. The first conference was held there 160 years ago—in the "Lovely Lane Meeting House." Dr. Beach was educated at Albion college, the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia and Union seminary. His earlier pastorates were in Detroit, Grand Rapids and Chicago.

Dr. EDWIN LEWIS, *professor of systematic theology at Drew seminary, is an Englishman by birth; he came to this country as a young man. His theological education was received at United Free college, Glasgow and at Drew seminary; he was ordained in the Methodist ministry in 1904. After a ten year pastoral experience, he took up teaching, first at the New York State College for Teachers, then at Drew. Dr. Lewis is perhaps the outstanding Methodist theologian in America.*

After spending 21 months in the artillery of the U. S. army during the World War, with service in France and Germany, Rev. ALBERT BUCKNER COE *entered Yale Divinity school, graduating there in 1922. He held pastorates in Somerville, Mass., and Waterbury, Conn., and since 1930 has ministered to First Congregational church, Oak Park, Ill., succeeding there Dr. W. E. Barton and Dr. Albert W. Palmer.*

Completing his theological study at Yale, Dr. ALBERT W. PALMER was ordained in the Congregational ministry in 1904, and after an assistant pastorate at Redlands, Cal., he became minister at Plymouth church, Oakland, Cal., where he served from 1907 to 1917. The following seven years he was pastor of Central Union church in Honolulu, and then was called to First Congregational church, Oak Park, Ill. For the past two years he has registered unusual success as president of the Chicago Theological seminary.

Rev. GEORGE STEWART *is minister of* First Presbyterian church, Stamford, Conn.

Rev. WILLIAM H. BODDY *is minister* at First Presbyterian church, Chicago.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers Are Preaching About

LEROY LAWTHER, Presbyterian, Lakewood, O. "The Gospel for an Age of Confusion." Luke 4:18—"He hath anointed me to preach the gospel."

EDGAR A. LOWTHER, Temple Methodist, San Francisco. "The Saving Salt of the City." Acts 18:10—"I have much people in this city."

RALPH H. DEMING, Friends, Greensboro, N. C. "The Morning Cometh." Isa. 21:11, 12—"One calleth to me out of Seir: 'Watchman, what of the night?' And the watchman said: 'The morning cometh'."

CLAUDE ALLAN MCKAY, Faith Congregational, Springfield, Mass. "The Glory of the Unfinished." Deut. 34:4—"And the Lord said unto him, This is the land. . . . I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."

ALLEN E. CLAXTON, Trinity Union Methodist, Providence, R. I. "Is Belief Enough?" James 2:19—"Thou believest that God is one; thou doest well: the demons also believe and shudder."

GEORGE T. GUNTER, First Presbyterian, Everett, Neb. "The School of Silence." Psa. 46:10—"Be still and know that I am God."

W. A. REYNOLDS, First Methodist, Bakersfield, Cal. "Prophetic Patriotism." Acts 4:19; 5:29—"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. We ought to obey God rather than men."

FOR YOUR SERMON TITLE AND TEXT

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Title of sermon

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Text used (Write out the text)

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Name of minister

.....
Name of church

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Address

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

IT LOOKS as if the end of Japan's invasion of China proper has been reached—but one cannot be sure. Japan's strategy from the beginning has been to prepare for an advance step behind the guise of fair promises or ostensible peace negotiations. But at the present moment her troops are actually embarking for home. The world is kept in the dark concerning the real state of Japan's domestic affairs, just as the censorship has kept from the Japanese people any clear understanding of the solidarity of world opinion against what their government has done. But the internal economic condition is known to be extremely serious, with the Chinese market shut off by the boycott and the nation's credit at low mark in the money markets of the world upon which Japan is more dependent now than ever. The whole Shanghai incident appears to have been irrational. No gains are apparent or conceivable for the invaders. It appears to be a case of a nation just running amuck under the inordinate passions of its military caste. Meanwhile, it has afforded a kind of clinic for the unpractical peace organizations of the world to practice upon. And we have learned much. One thing we have learned is that it is possible to maintain solidarity of world opinion against a transgressor. That itself is great reassurance. We have also learned that the provision in the league covenant for the use of war against a transgressor is not workable, and that it obstructs the operation of pacific measures. And we have learned that our philosophy of peace must make a place for crises. Peace itself can grow strong only by being subjected to fiery trial.

Japan Bows to World Opinion

The Book of the Month

JONATHAN EDWARDS. *By Arthur Cushman McGiffert, Jr. Harper & Brothers,* $2.50.

WE ARE IN the habit of thinking of Jonathan Edwards as a kind of personification of the divine wrath, our chief knowledge of him being the oft-quoted sermon in which he dangled sinners over the brimstone pit. But this same preacher of everlasting punishment was a human being, a different kind of a human being, to be sure, from the ordinary run of humans, and withal an admirable sort. For one so tremendously important as he was in the colonial period of America, his life story has been a long time coming out in a popular form. But we have it now, written by a professor of theology whose scholarly distinction in his own right has quite swallowed up the fact that he is the son of America's most distinguished church historian. Professor McGiffert makes Edwards live again. He reveals him as a meticulously conscientious and systematic person from his youth up, a pastor as well as a preacher, spending himself for the "sick souls" who came to the parsonage for counsel, a devoted husband, the father of eleven children, a lover of children, an unselfish missionary and friend of the Indians, America's first original philosopher, a kind of forerunner of William James in the psychology of religion, and the head and front of an epochal revival. The story is told with delightful humor, full of appreciation and such a sympathetic understanding as only a genuine liberality of spirit could command.

A Thought for the Month

WE HEAR a good deal of talk these days about religion being an experiment. No doubt there are many details and devices in connection with religion that are experimental. But religion itself is the exact opposite of an experiment. The moment faith thinks of itself as an experiment it ceases to be faith. Just as love ceases to be love when the home is patterned after the laboratory. It is all very well for me, an onlooker, as I watch your efforts to build your life on a foundation of faith and love, to say that I am watching your experiment with keen interest. But it is quite another matter for you to adopt this mood when you watch yourself. It simply cannot be done. Think of experimenting with prayer! If it is conceived as an experiment, it cannot be prayer. Think of experimenting with love! If it is conceived as an experiment it cannot be love. Love is an ultimatum, or it is not love. It is for better or for worse. It is decisive self-commitment. The thing called experimental marriage is vitiated at the outset. It lacks the one factor which constitutes true marriage—that factor is love. If love were present the marriage would not be—it could not be—conceived of as an experiment. For love means more than a sense of attraction: it means honor, responsibility and loyalty. Experimental religion is likewise a self-contradiction, for religion and experiment cannot go together. Donald Hankey is frequently quoted in support of this conception of religion. "Religion," he said, "is just betting your life that there is a God." That sounds like an experiment. What is it that you "bet," in Hankey's definition? What "stake" do you put up? Your *life!* But no man can bet his *life* experimentally. There is no chance to back out. When a man puts up his life against the universe it is not an experiment, but the end of all experimentation.

Is Religion an Experiment?

Charles Clayton Morrison

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writes Rev. T. H. Williams, *Minister of the Welsh Presbyterian Church, Wilton Square, London*

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